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HOW THE WEATHER IS MADE AND FORECAST.

In the minds of foreigners, it is held to be one of the many peculiarities of the people of these islands that so much of their casual conversation consists of remarks on the weather. The national temperament is often held to be responsible for this failing; but some of the blame must no doubt be laid at the door of the weather itself. Our climate presents such a record of change and uncertainty, that we need not wonder if it is always in our minds, and the first subject on our lips when we meet a friend. Other lands may have their cold and hot, dry and rainy periods, that come round in the proper order year after year with unvarying monotony; but with us it may be said of the weather, that we rarely know what a day or an hour may bring forth. Even the seasons seem occasionally to be independent of any necessity of visiting us at the particular time of the year at which we have been taught to expect them. Spring weather in November, or a winter temperature in July, or a November fog in the merry month of May, all seem to be amongst the possibilities of our climate.

Happily, our meteorologists are at length beginning to define with growing clearness and confidence the laws which underlie and regulate the complicated and ever varying phenomena which we call the weather, and many of these laws, like most natural laws, are beautiful in their simplicity. Although 'weather wisdom' is as old as history itself, the science of the weather or meteorology is a growth of the last few years. The weather wisdom of our forefathers may in the light of present knowledge be divided into sense and nonsense. Under the nonsense may be included not only such proverbs as that which attributed to St Swithin's day and certain other times and seasons, occult influences over the weather, but most of the information of the old almanacs, which used to ascribe the character of the weather to the positions and movements of the heavenly bodies and the age

and changes of the moon. The prevalence of the belief that the weather was regulated by such influences, can only be accounted for by the well-known love of the human mind for the wonderful and inexplicable. Much of the old weather lore, however, had a large element of truth in it, and was the result of the collective experience of many generations, which had found that certain phenomena were generally followed by certain conditions of weather. The saying, that a rosy sky in the morning presages rainy weather, and the same appearance in the evening, fine weather, was current weather lore before the Christian era, and is recognised as being, in a certain sense, true at the present day. Amongst sailors, farmers, shepherds, and such like, weather maxims, the result of observation and experience, have always been current, and the value of many of these is now recognised and explained by science.

The first step towards acquiring an insight into the causes which control our weather is a study of the laws which regulate the flow and changes of the winds in these islands. The air is the great medium in which all the changes of weather are elaborated. We live at the bottom of a great ocean of air, which extends for many miles upwards, and which is always heaving and changing, like the other ocean which it covers. The winds, which are the ever-changing currents which flow through this invisible sea, are, roughly speaking, the principal factors in the making of the weather. Many of us know very well the general character of the weather which accompanies the wind from the principal points of the compass, that which comes from the moist warm south-west, for instance; or with the blustering, shower-bringing north-wester; or with the harsh, dry, east wind in spring; but to most of us the wind itself 'bloweth where it listeth.' The movements of the air and changes of the wind are, however, subject to laws, a knowledge of which is in some degree necessary before we can understand how our weather is made for us.

A simple definition of the wind which we ordinarily experience is that it is air obeying the force of gravity, in seeking to return to an equilibrium which has been disturbed. By the aid of the barometer we are able to form some idea of what is constantly taking place in the great ocean above us. The principle upon which this simple and useful instrument is constructed is easily understood. The air presses downwards upon the earth's surface with a weight averaging nearly fifteen pounds to the square inch. If a portion of the surface of any fluid is relieved from this pressure by inverting over it a tube exhausted of air, the weight of the air upon the surface outside will force the fluid up into the tube until the weight of the column counterbalances the pressure which the air would exercise upon the amount of surface covered by the mouth of the tube. A column of mercury in such a case will rise in an air-exhausted tube to a height of about thirty inches; while water, from its lighter specific gravity, rises to a height of about thirty-four feet before it counterbalances the weight of the air above. The depth, and consequently the pressure, of the air overhead is, however, constantly varying within certain limits; and the column of mercury in the barometer enables us to keep a faithful record of the movements of the waves of air in the great ocean under which we live. At times, the depth of air above us is comparatively shallow, and the pressure beneath is lessened; the column of mercury is not raised so high, and the barometer is said to fall. At other times, the air is heaped up in particular places; the pressure beneath is increased, and the barometer is said to rise. In stormy weather, the column of water in a water-barometer where the scale is very large may be seen to pulsate with every change of pressure from the air-waves at the surface.

The winds are nothing more than the rush of air from the regions of high pressure to fill up the spaces where low pressure prevails. Thus, if the column of mercury should stand 28·6 inches high at London, with a gradual rise as we travelled northward, until the barometer-reading was 29 inches at Edinburgh at the same time, this would indicate that a region of depression existed over the former place, and we should expect a rush of air in the form of wind blowing upon London from the north.

When the barometrical readings taken simultaneously at stations distributed over a wide area are compared, the distribution of atmospheric pressure can be ascertained, and it is possible to tell from this the force and direction of the winds prevailing within this area, and generally also the weather which is likely to be experienced. The greater the inequality of pressure, the greater will be the rush of air to the centre of depression, and the stronger will be the wind. The wind, however, does not flow in a straight line from a region of high to a region of low pressure. The surrounding air from all quarters has a tendency to flow in, and, as with water, which rushes to the centre of a funnel when it is flowing out at the bottom, a gyrotory movement is the result. The wind blows round a centre of depression in

this way, always curving inward towards the centre; and in the northern hemisphere, this gyrotory movement of the wind is always in a direction against the hands of a watch, while the contrary is the case in the southern hemisphere. These principles of the relation of the winds to atmospheric pressure hold good without exception over all the world. They were first definitively stated in America twenty-five years ago; but Professor Buys Ballot of Utrecht first drew attention to them in Europe, and the law expressing them is now generally recognised as Buys Ballot's law.

In ordinary circumstances in our latitude, the winds are generally regulated by the differences in pressure induced by contrasts between continents and oceans. Where the air becomes heated, an area of low pressure is produced, the warm air becoming rarefied and ascending, and the heavier cold air rushing in from the sides to supply its place. In winter, the weather over these islands is controlled to a great extent by the winds which sweep round a large area of depression which exists over the Atlantic, the mean centre of which is about midway between the continents of Europe and America, in the latitude of the Orkney Islands. This depression is the result of the contrast produced between the comparatively warm air over this portion of the Atlantic and the much colder air over the northern portion of Europe and America, which is continually flowing in to supply the place of the lighter and constantly ascending warm air. The winds sweeping round this centre strike our shores from the south-west. This depression is not stationary, but is continually shifting over a large but well-defined area, and it gives rise to many subsidiary eddies, or small cyclone systems as they are called, which sometimes skirt our coasts, or travel over these islands, bringing with them the storms of wind and rain and sudden changes of the wind with which we are familiar. In spring, the prevailing winds from the east and north-east, so much dreaded by many, are the result of a large cyclonic system formed by the sudden increase of temperature over middle and southern Europe, as the sun's rays gain strength and the days lengthen. The temperature is not yet sufficiently high to bring in the air from off the Atlantic, as happens when the season is further advanced, so that the cold air rushes in from the polar regions in a huge eddy, striking our coasts from the east and north-east, and bringing in its train all the attendant miseries which make our English spring a time to be dreaded by the weak and ailing.

A knowledge of the general principles which direct the flow of our prevailing winds is, however, only of general assistance in enabling us to forecast the weather which we experience in these islands. This is governed and produced to a great extent by the development of subsidiary centres of depression in and between the great cyclonic systems. These generally approach our shores from the west, travelling in a north-easterly direction; and they are responsible for most of the variable weather with which we are so familiar. They generally carry with them a certain well-defined course of weather. The readings of the barometer taken simultaneously at many places over a wide area on a system such as that

now controlled by the Meteorological Office, enables us to determine the approach and development of these small cyclonic systems, and so to forecast with a certain degree of confidence the weather likely to be experienced in a certain district from twelve to twenty-four hours in advance. Most of the disturbing influences reach us from the west; and as the west coast of Ireland is the extreme limit to which our stations reach in that direction, we can receive only very short notice of their approach. This is one of the principal reasons why, with the means at present at our disposal, we cannot expect to make our weather science as perfect as in a country such as America, where the central office receives warnings from stations dispersed over the face of a vast continent. Nevertheless, we have made great advances since 1861, when the first weather forecasts were prepared and issued in this country by the Board of Trade, under the superintendence of the late Admiral Fitzroy. The forecasts at that time, although admitted to be of considerable utility to the country, were thought to be scarcely accurate enough to justify their continuance upon the system then in operation, and they were discontinued in 1866.

In the following year, the Meteorological Office was constituted upon its present footing, and the daily publication of forecasts has continued down to the present. Considering that—judging from the forecasts published daily in the newspapers—the chances of a successful forecast are on the average about seventy-nine per cent. for ordinary weather, while the percentage of successes is slightly higher in the case of storm warnings, it is evident that the Meteorological Office is capable of rendering important service to the community at large. Every morning, the central office in London receives telegraphic reports from fifty-three stations. It also receives thirteen reports every afternoon, and nineteen each evening. Besides the numerous well-placed observation stations in the British Islands, there are twenty-three foreign reporting stations, extending along the entire western coast of Europe, from which information is received, in accordance with arrangements made with the meteorological organisations in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Holland, and France. The morning observations are made at all the British stations at eight A.M. Greenwich time, and are transmitted direct to the Meteorological Office, where they are received between nine and ten o'clock. Thus are given the barometrical and thermometrical readings at the various stations at eight A.M.; the direction and force of the wind, and the state of the weather, together with any changes of importance which may have been noticed in the course of the preceding day. From these reports, weather charts are made out, forecasts of the weather are prepared and issued to the evening papers in London and the provinces; and a telegraphic résumé of the weather, or, if necessary, intelligence of storms, is despatched to various points on our coasts and to foreign countries. The forecasts for the morning daily papers are issued at half-past eight P.M. on the previous evening. They are prepared from reports received from twenty-six home and six foreign stations; but although these are the most widely distributed and read of any issued from the office,

they are much less complete than the eight A.M. forecasts.

The *Times* publishes every morning with the forecasts the weather chart issued by the department. This chart shows the condition and movements of the atmosphere over the British Isles and the vicinity; the distribution of pressure; the temperature, state of the sea, and the force and direction of the winds blowing within the area at six P.M. on the previous day.

The familiar dotted lines termed isobars, which are such a feature in weather maps of this sort, are lines at all places along which the barometer stands at the same height. Except where their regularity is broken by the existence of subsidiary disturbances, these lines extend in gradually widening circles around a centre of depression, the barometer always standing highest along the outside curve, and gradually and regularly falling towards the centre; so that if we could view our atmosphere from above one of those centres of depression, we would see a deep hollow, with sides sloping downwards to the centre, towards which the revolving air was being gradually indrawn, like water in an eddy.

At intervals, we receive warning across the Atlantic, from the *New York Herald* weather bureau, respecting storms which are crossing the Atlantic towards our coasts, and which are often described as 'likely to develop dangerous energy' on their way. Although many of those warnings are subsequently justified, or partially justified, it must not be supposed that these are storms which have left the American continent on their way to us, and that it has been possible to calculate their course across the Atlantic and predict the time of arrival upon our coasts. Mr Clement Ley, Inspector to the Meteorological Council, tells us that it is not yet satisfactorily shown that storms cross the Atlantic from America, and he presumes that arrangements must be effected by which the logs of passing steamers may be consulted in America as to the character of the weather experienced in crossing from this country; and from the information received in this manner, it is possible to arrive at conclusions respecting the direction and character of storms travelling towards this side of the Atlantic, and to anticipate their arrival by telegraph, the warning being flashed beneath the ocean in time to reach us long before the storm itself.

The variety and complexity of the phenomena which have to pass under careful observation render the science of the weather an exceedingly difficult one to study, more especially as, up to the present, we have done little more than master its fundamental principles. The time ought not, however, to be far distant when we shall have the means at our disposal to enable us to forecast the weather with a nearer approach to certainty than we can attain at present. The results already obtained by the Meteorological Office are certainly encouraging, and it must be remembered that, in attempting to forecast the weather in this country, it labours under two serious disadvantages. The first is our geographical position; which at present precludes us from obtaining any but the shortest notice of weather approaching from the west—the point from which most of our weather comes. The other drawback is of a pecuniary nature, and it is to be regretted

that it prevents us from testing to the full limit the usefulness of the Meteorological Office. It may be argued that, in this country, storms are seldom so sudden or disastrous as to justify us in maintaining at a very much larger outlay an organisation which would enable us to be warned of their approach. It is, however, only necessary to take into account the enormous losses in life and property occasioned every year by the weather in shipwreck alone, in order to appreciate what might be the value to the nation of a properly organised system of weather science, did it only succeed in reducing, even by a small percentage, the annual number of wrecks on our coasts.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER LIV.—POOR COMFORT.

MADGE awakened from the reverie into which she had fallen, to find Aunt Hussy's kind eyes resting on her inquiringly and with a shade of sorrow in them. She, however, instantly awoke, brightened and spoke with cheerful confidence, although there was a certain note of timidity in her voice indicating that she had not yet quite recovered from the effects of the scene in her bedroom.

'You see, aunt, how wickedly Philip has been deceived, and that I was right to trust Mr Shield.'

'Yes, but—Mr Beecham?'

Madge's cheeks flushed, the smile disappeared, and the head was lifted with something like impatience. It seemed as if the pronunciation of Beecham's name in that questioning tone revealed to her the full significance of Wrentham's insinuations—that she was not acting fairly to Philip.

'I have told you, aunt, that he is Mr Shield's friend, and that he is doing everything that can be done to help Philip out of his difficulties. You cannot doubt that whatever I may do is for the same object.'

'Ah, child, I never doubted thee. My doubt is that whilst desiring to do right thou may'st have done wrong in giving the trust to a stranger thou'rt afraid to give to those that love thee.'

'Mr Beecham will himself tell you before the week is out that he gave me such proofs of his friendship as would have satisfied even you.'

'Well, well, we shall say no more, child, till the time comes; but never expect Goodman Dick to be patient with what he thinks unreasonable. See what a handle this rogue Wrentham—I always felt that he was a rogue—has made of thy name to help him in cheating and bamboozling Philip! Take my word, we may turn our toes barely an inch from the straight path at starting, but we'll find ourselves miles from it ere the end if we do not make a quick halt and go back.'

'I have only held my tongue,' said the girl quietly enough, but the feeling of offended innocence was there.

'Holding the tongue when one should speak out is as bad as telling a book of lies—worse, for we don't know how to deal with it.'

'I should be less sorry for vexing you, aunt,' said the niece, 'if I did not know that by-and-by you will be sorry for having been vexed with me.'

'So be it.—But now let us finish clearing up the room, and we'll get the bedstead down in the morning. Dr Joy says that Mr Hadleigh is not nearly so much hurt as was thought at first, and that they may be able to move him in a day or two.'

When the arrangements for turning the sitting-room into a bedroom had been completed—and there were nice details to be attended to in the operation, which the dame would intrust to no other hands than her own and her niece's—Madge went in search of Pansy.

Her sudden appearance in the kitchen interrupted the boisterous mirth which was going forward. When she inquired for Pansy Culver, there was an abashed look on the faces of those who had permitted the girl to go without inquiring whither; but Jenny Wodrow answered saucily:

'She got into a state when I was talking about Caleb Kersey, and slipped out before any of us could say Jack Robinson.'

The silent reproof in the expression of Madge's tender eyes had its effect even on this self-assertive damsel. Jerry Mogridge hobbled up to his young mistress.

'I'll find her for you, Missy,' he said cheerily, for he was in the happy state of mind of one who has enjoyed a good meal and knows that there is a good sleep lying between him and the next day's toil.

They went out to the yard, and Jerry, opening the door of the dairy, thrust his head into the darkness with the invocation: 'Come out ov here, Pansy Culver; what are you doing there? Missy wants you.' There was no answer, and after groping his way amidst cans and pails standing ready for the morning's milk, he returned muttering: 'She ain't there anyhow. I'll get the lantern, Missy, and we'll soon find her, so being as she ha'n't gone to her father's.'

Whilst Jerry went for the lantern, the moon began to light the snow-covered ground, and Madge discovered Pansy in the doorway of the stable. She was leaning against the door as if support were necessary to save her from falling. Madge put her arm round the girl, and drawing her out from the shadows into the moonlight, saw that the face was white as the snow at their feet, and felt that the form was shivering with agitation more than with cold.

'I knew it would upset you, Pansy; and intended to tell you myself, but wanted to do it when we were alone.'

'It doesn't matter, Missy,' answered the girl through her chattering teeth; 'but thank you kindly. There's no help for it now. I've been the ruin of him, and standing out here, I've seen how wicked and cruel I've been to him. I knew what he was thinking about, and I might have told him not to think of it—but I liked him—I like him, and I wish they would take me in his place. They ought to take me, for it was me that drove him to it.'

'Hush, hush, Pansy,' said Madge with gentle firmness; 'Caleb is innocent, and will be free in a few days. It was only some foolish business

he had with Coutts Hadleigh which brought him under suspicion.'

'Yes, yes, but it was about me that he went to speak to Mr Coutts—and Mr Coutts never said anything to me that a gentleman might not say. Only he was very kind—very kind, and I came to think of him, and—and—it was all me—all me! And you, though you didn't mean it, showed me how wrong it was, and I went away. And if Caleb had only waited, maybe—maybe. . . I don't know right what I am saying; but I would have come to myself, and have tried to make him happy.'

This hysterical cry showed the best and the worst sides of the girl's character. For a brief space she had yielded to the vanity of her sex, which accepts the commonplaces of gallantry as special tributes to the individual, and so had misinterpreted the attentions which Coutts would have paid to any pretty girl who came in his way. She had been rudely startled from her folly, and was now paying bitter penance for it. She took to herself all the blame of Caleb's guilt, and insisted that she should be in jail, not him.

Madge allowed her feelings to have full vent, and then was able to comfort her with the reiterated assurance of Caleb's innocence, which would be speedily proved.

The fit being over, Pansy showed herself to be a sensible being, and listened attentively to the kindly counsel of her friend. She agreed to follow her original plan, namely, to see her father in the morning and then return to Camberwell to devote her whole energies to the task of reclaiming her grandfather from his foolish ways and bringing him out to Ringsford. Madge was certain that this occupation would prove the best antidote to all Pansy's unhappy thoughts and self-reproaches. Meanwhile it was arranged that Pansy should not have Jenny Wodrow for her bedfellow.

Affairs at the farm had gone on uncomfortably from the moment Dick Crawshaw expressed displeasure with his niece. She made what advances she could towards reconciliation; but she did not yet offer any explanation. He was obliged to accept her customary service as secretary; but it was evident that he would have liked to dispense with it. Neither his appetite nor his slumbers were disturbed, however; and he slept soundly through the night whilst the fire was raging at the Manor. It was not until the wain with its load of milk-cans had started for the station that he heard from Jerry Mogridge the report of what had occurred.

Then yeoman Dick mounted his horse and rode at full speed to Ringsford to offer what help it might be in his power to render, grumbling at himself all the way for not having been sooner aware of his neighbour's danger. Finding Mr Hadleigh in the gardener's cottage, where there was want of space and convenience, the farmer with impetuous hospitality invited the whole family to Willowmere. The invalid could not be removed until the doctor gave permission; but Caroline and Bertha were at once escorted to the farm. Miss Hadleigh remained at the cottage to assist the housekeeper in nursing her father: she was moved to do so by a sense of duty as

well as by the knowledge that Alfred Crowell would come out as soon as he heard of the disaster, and he would expect to find her there.

In the bustle and excitement of the first part of the day there was only one person who thought much about Philip and of the effect this new calamity might have upon him in his present state. As the afternoon advanced, everybody was wondering why he neither came nor sent any message. The arrival of Pansy relieved Madge on this and other points; and she was happily spared for that night the pain of learning that Philip did visit the gardener's cottage without calling at Willowmere.

Postman Zachy delivered two welcome letters in the cold gray light of the winter morning. Both were from Austin Shield—one for Mrs Crawshaw, the other for Madge. The first simply stated that his old friend might expect to see him in a few days, and that he believed she would have reason to give him the kindly greeting which he knew she would like to give him. The second was longer and contained important information.

'Be patient and trust me still,' it said. 'You have fixed the week as the limit of your silence: before the time is out I shall be at Willowmere. Philip has acted in every way as I would have him act under the circumstances, except in the extreme mercy which he extends to the man Wrentham; but he pleads that it is for the sake of the poor lady and child whose happiness depends on the rascal, and I have been obliged to yield. At the last moment Wrentham attempted to escape, and would have succeeded but for the cleverness of the detective, Sergeant Dier.

'Be patient, and have courage till we meet again.'

'Be patient—have courage:' excellent phrases and oftentimes helpful; but was there ever any one who at a crisis in life has found the words alone satisfactory? They by no means relieved Madge of all uneasiness, although she accepted them as a token that her suspense would soon be at an end. In one respect she was keenly disappointed: there was not a hint that the proofs she had given Mr Shield of Mr Hadleigh's innocence of any complicity in his misfortunes had been yet acknowledged to be complete. Had that been done, Philip would have forgotten half his worries. Mr Shield was aware of that—he must be aware of it, and yet he was silent. She could not help thinking that there was some truth in Mr Hadleigh's view of the eccentricity of his character.

THE NEW MEDIÆVAL ROOM AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

ONE of the rooms at the British Museum, left vacant by the removal of the Natural History Collection to South Kensington, has lately been re-opened, under the title of the Mediæval Room, with a collection of curious objects, many of which possess strong personal as well as antiquarian interest. The articles shown range from the twelfth century downwards. Some of them have already been on exhibition in another part of the building; but the majority are now publicly

shown for the first time. The various items have been carefully arranged and labelled by Messrs Franks and Read, the curators of the Ethnological Department, the fullness of the appended descriptions more than compensating for the temporary lack of a catalogue.

Among the curiosities of more modern date is a silver-mounted punch-bowl of Inveraray marble, formerly the property of the poet Burns, and presented by his widow to Alexander Cunningham. Not far distant rests the Lochbuy brooch, a massive ornament four inches in diameter, said to date from about the year 1500, and to have been fashioned out of silver found on the estate of Lochbuy, in Mull. Its centre is a large crystal, surrounded by upright collets bearing pearls of considerable size. It was long preserved as a sort of heirloom in the Lochbuy family, but passed out of it by the marriage of a female representative, and in course of time became part of the Bernal Collection, whence it was acquired by the British Museum. Hard by it is a handsomely carved casket, made of the wood of Shakspeare's mulberry tree, and presented in 1769, with the freedom of the town of Stratford-on-Avon, to David Garrick. The majority of the exhibits, however, belong to very much earlier periods. There is a choice display of horn and tortoiseshell snuff and tobacco boxes, two of the latter—duplicates, save in some unimportant particulars—bearing the arms of Sir Francis Drake, and the representation of a ship in full sail. We are told that boxes of this same pattern are frequently offered to collectors as having been the personal property of the great admiral; but an inscription on one of the specimens here exhibited shows that they were actually made by one John Obrisset in 1712.

An ordinary-looking piece of rock-crystal in one of the cases claims to be the veritable 'show-stone' or divining crystal of Dr Dee, the celebrated astrologer and alchemist of Queen Elizabeth's time. Dee's own account of the origin of the show-stone was as follows. He declared that one day in November 1582, while he was engaged in prayer, the angel Uriel appeared to him and presented him with a magic crystal, which had the quality, when steadfastly gazed into, of presenting visions, and even of producing articulate sounds. These sights and sounds, however, were only perceptible to a person endowed with the proper mediumistic faculty. This the doctor himself unfortunately lacked; but such a person was soon found in one Edward Kelly, who was engaged as the doctor's assistant, and produced 'revelations' with Joseph-Smith-like facility. Indeed, his revelations had more than one point in common with those of the Mormon apostle, for it is recorded that on one occasion he received a divine command that he and the doctor should exchange wives, which edifying little family arrangement was actually carried out, with much parade of prayer and religious

ceremonial. It seems probable that Dee really believed in the manifestations, and was himself the dupe of his unscrupulous associate. Kelly was accustomed to describe what he saw and heard in the magic crystal, and Dr Dee took notes of the mystic revelations. These notes were, in 1659, collected and published in a folio volume by Dr Meric Casaubon, an eminent scholar of that day, who appears to have believed that the revelations were really the work of spirits, though of doubtful character. From these notes it would appear that Dee was possessed of two, if not more, divining crystals of various sizes. After his death, a stone, said to be one of these, came into the possession of the Earl of Peterborough, and thence into that of Lady Elizabeth Germaine. It subsequently fell into the hands of the then head of the House of Argyll, by whose son, Lord Frederick Campbell, it was presented to Horace Walpole. For many years it formed part of the Strawberry Hill Collection, and there was appended to the leather case in which it was contained a manuscript note, in Walpole's own handwriting, describing it as 'the black stone into which Dr Dee used to call his spirits,' and recording the above facts respecting it. On the dispersion of the Strawberry Hill Collection in 1842, the stone in question is said to have been purchased, at the price of thirteen pounds, by Mr Smythe Pigott; and at the sale of that gentleman's library in 1853, to have passed into the hands of Lord Londesborough. As to the later history of this particular stone, we have no information; but it is clearly not identical with the one in the British Museum. Horace Walpole's is described as being a 'black stone.' Others add that it was in shape a flat disk, with a loop or handle, and it is generally believed to have been a highly polished piece of cannel coal. The one in the British Museum more nearly resembles the descriptions given of Lady Blessington's crystal, employed for a similar purpose by Lieutenant Morrison, the Zadkiel of 'almanac' celebrity. It is a ball, about two inches in diameter, of rather dark rock-crystal, and, as Mr Read informs us, has been in the possession of the British Museum for nearly a century. Assuming, however, that, as stated in Casaubon's notes, Dr Dee used two or more magic specula, this may of course have been one of them.

This mystic crystal is appropriately flanked by a collection of oriental talismans, some in metal, for suspension from the neck; others of agate or chaledony, engraved with charms and cabalistic signs, for reproduction on wax or parchment. Here also are a couple of bezoar stones, formerly much esteemed as possessing occult medical virtues, particularly as an antidote to poison. The genuine bezoar stone is a calculus found in the stomach of the goat or antelope. The specimens here shown are artificial, being compounded from a recipe in the possession of Sir Hans Sloane. They claim, however, to have all the virtues of the genuine article, which we think extremely probable! They have a peculiar aromatic smell, which probably assisted the belief in their hygienic properties.

In another of the cases we find post-mortem casts of the faces of Charles II. and Oliver Cromwell. A third, anonymous when acquired by the Museum, has since been identified as that

of Charles XII, king of Sweden. The musket-wound in the temple, by which he fell, is plainly observable. Not far distant are a leathern 'black-jack' and a couple of 'chopines,' the latter, however, not being, as French scholars might be inclined to suppose, the measure of that name, but a sort of stilt about sixteen inches in height, with a shoe at the upper end, and formerly worn by the Venetian ladies. Shakspeare alludes to this queer article where he makes Hamlet say, addressing one of the female players, 'By'r Lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.' Here, too, are a couple of the mallets and a ball used in the old game of pall-mall. The present specimens were found in the house of Mr Vulliamy, situated in the street of the same name, which adjoins the ancient Mall. The ball is of wood, about two and a half inches in diameter; and the mallets, save that their heads are bound with iron, are almost precisely similar to those used in croquet at the present day.

There are sundry curious ivories, among them being a drinking-horn made out of a single tusk, elaborately carved, and mounted with copper-gilt. It bears the inscription:

Drinke you this, and thinke no scorne
Although the cup be much like a horne.

It bears the date 1599, and is in general appearance like a fish, with a sort of scoop, or spoon-bowl, projecting from the mouth. There are indications that it was originally fashioned as a horn for blowing, but was afterwards converted to its present purpose. A small tablet of the same material represents 'Orator' Henley preaching. On the floor in the centre of the building, presumably Henley's chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields, is seen an inscription indicating that the notorious Colonel Charteris lies buried there. Immediately in front of the preacher stands a bear on his hind-legs, holding a staff; and the congregation are represented with horns, exaggerated noses, heads of animals, and other deformities. The preacher appears to be uttering the words, 'Let those not calumniate who cannot confute.'

In another part of the room is a choice collection of ancient watches, pocket dials, and time-pieces of various descriptions, some of very eccentric character. There are oval watches, octagon watches, and cruciform watches; watches in the form of tulips and other flowers. There is a dial in the form of a star, and another in the shape of a lute. A gilt clock, of considerable size, in the form of a ship, with elaborate mechanical movements, is said to have been made for the Emperor Rudolf II. A pocket dial shown has a special interest, as having belonged to Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, some time favourite of Queen Elizabeth. This dial bears the arms of the ill-fated earl, together with an inscription showing that it was made by one James Kynvyn, in 1593.

Astrolabes, nocturnals, and other astronomical instruments, English and foreign, are largely represented. There are ancient chess and backgammon boards, with men carved or stamped in divers quaint fashions; and a number of drinking-cups in bronze, rock-crystal, and silver, among

those of the last material being a small goblet of graceful fashion long known as the 'Cellini' cup, but believed to be in truth of German workmanship. An elegant tazza of rock-crystal, mounted with silver-gilt, has a medallion portrait of Queen Elizabeth in its centre; but whether it actually belonged to the Virgin Queen is uncertain.

The connoisseur in enamels will here find a large and varied collection, ranging from the *cloisonné* of the Byzantine to the *champlevé* of the early Limoges school, and the surface-painting of later artists. Some of the specimens shown are extremely beautiful; indeed, this collection alone would well repay the trouble of a visit. One of the earlier specimens, a plate of German enamel, represents Henry of Blois, Bishop of Winchester, and brother to King Stephen. Among the more curious specimens of this ancient art are sundry bishops' crosiers of various dates, and a couple of 'pricket' candlesticks, in which the candle, instead of being dropped into a socket in the modern manner, is impaled upon an upright point.

A small *pietà* of the sixteenth century, placed in one corner of the room, deserves a special mention. The figures are in wax, skillfully draped with real silk and lace. Such a combination has usually a tawdry appearance, but it has no such effect in this instance. The name of the modeller has not been handed down to us, but he was unquestionably a true artist. The look of death on the Saviour's face, and the heart-broken expression of the Madonna as she bends over to kiss his blood-stained brow, are almost painfully real. The power of the representation is the more remarkable from its small size, the whole group being only about eight inches square.

In a collection numbering many hundreds of items, it is obviously impossible even to mention more than a very small proportion of the whole. We have spoken more particularly of such as have some personal or historical association connected with them; but on the score of antiquity alone, such a collection as this must be full of interest to thoughtful minds. Who can gaze upon these relics of the distant past without yearning to look back into the far-off times when all these things were new? What would we give to see, 'in their habit as they lived,' the men who fashioned these ancient timepieces, who drank from these crystal cups, and played tric-trac on these quaint backgammon boards? It needs but small imagination to call up Burns and his boon-companions carousing around the marble punch-bowl, with 'just a wee drop in their e'e'; but who shall name the knights who wore this iron gauntlet or that *repaussé* breastplate? Their 'bones are dust, their good swords rust,' and yet here is part of their ancient panoply, well-nigh as perfect as when it left the armourer's anvil four hundred years ago. Truly, they did good work, these mediæval artificers. The struggle for existence was not so intense; they did not hurry, as in these high-pressure days. Believing, with old George Herbert, that 'we do it soon enough, if that we do be well,' they wisely took their time, caring little to do quick work, so long as they did good work. And so their handiwork remains, *monumentum ære*

perennius, a standing memorial of the good old time when 'art was still religion,' and labour was noble, because the craftsman put his heart into his work.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

A NOVELETTE.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER V.

FIVE minutes later, Archie Ridsdale burst abruptly into the room. 'Here's a pretty go!' he exclaimed. 'Read this, please, dear Madame De Vigne,' putting a telegram into her hand.

Madame De Vigne took it and read: "'From Beck and Beck, Bedford Row, London.'"

'The gov's lawyers,' explained Archie.

"'To Archibald Ridsdale, *Palatine Hotel*, Windermere.—We are instructed to request you to be at our office at ten A.M. to-morrow, to meet Sir William Ridsdale.'"

Mora looked at him as she gave him back the telegram.

'The last train for town,' said Archie, 'leaves in twenty-five minutes. My man is cramming a few things into a bag, and I must start for the station at once.'

'Were you not aware that your father had arrived from the continent?'

'This is the first intimation. I've had of it. You know how anxiously I've been expecting an answer to the second letter I wrote him nearly a month ago.'

'It would seem from the telegram that he prefers a personal interview.'

'I'm glad of it for some things. He has never refused me anything when I've had the chance of talking to him, and I don't suppose he will refuse what I shall undoubtedly ask him to-morrow.'

Madame De Vigne shook her head. 'You are far too sanguine. Sir William knows already what it is you want him to do. He knew it before, when—when'—

'When he sent Colonel Woodruffe as his plenipo. to negotiate terms with the enemy—meaning you,' said Archie, with a laugh. 'A pretty ambassador the colonel made!'

Madame De Vigne, who had risen and was gazing out of the window again, did not answer for a little while. At length she said: 'Archie, while there is yet time, before you see your father to-morrow, I beg of you once more seriously to consider the position in which you will place yourself by refusing to break off your engagement with my sister. That Sir William will sanction your marriage with Clarice, I do not for one moment believe. What father in his position would?'

Archie, when he burst into the room, had omitted to close the door behind him. It was now pushed a little further open, and, unperceived by either of the others, Clarice, dressed for walking, stepped into the room.

'Naturally, he must have far higher, far more ambitious views for his only son,' continued Madame De Vigne. 'As the world goes, he would be greatly to blame if he had not. So, Archie,' she said, as she took both his hands

in hers, 'when you leave us to-night, I wish you clearly to understand that you go away unfettered by a tie or engagement of any kind. You go away as free and untrammelled as you were that sunny afternoon when you first set eyes on my sister. I speak both for Clarice and myself.'

Here Clarice came quickly forward. 'Yes—yes, dear Archie, that is so,' she exclaimed. 'You are free from this hour. I—I shall never cease to think of you, but that won't matter to any one but myself.'

'Upon my word, I'm very much obliged to both of you,' answered Archie, who was now holding a hand of each. 'I don't know whether to laugh or be angry. A nice, low, mean opinion you must have formed of Archie Ridsdale, if you think he's the sort of fellow to act in the way you suggest.' Then turning to Clarice, he said: 'Darling, when you first told me that you loved me, you believed me to be a poor man—poor in pocket and poor in prospects. That made no difference in your feelings towards me. There was then no question of a rich father coming between us—and I vow that neither he nor any one else in the world *shall* come between us! I love and honour my father as much as any son can do; but this is one of those supreme questions which each man must decide for himself.'

'I have said my say—the raven has croaked its croak,' said Madame De Vigne with a little shrug, as she crossed to the other side of the room. 'You are a wilful, headstrong boy, and I suppose you must be allowed to ruin yourself in your own way.'

'Ruin, indeed!' exclaimed Archie as he drew Clarice to him. 'I don't in the least care who looks upon me as a ruin, so long as this sweet flower clings to me and twines its tendrils round my heart!' And with that he stooped and kissed the fair young face that was gazing so lovingly into his own.

'Ah—boys and girls—girls and boys—you are the same all the world over,' said Madame De Vigne with a sigh.

'And you won't be able to go to the picnic to-morrow,' remarked Clarice plaintively.

Nanette appeared. 'The carriage is at the door, sir. The driver says he has only just time to catch the train.'

'I'm going to the station, dear, to see Archie off,' said Clarice to her sister.

'Good-bye—for a little while,' said Archie, as he took Madame De Vigne's hand. 'The moment I have any news, you shall hear from me; and in any case, you will see me back before we are many days older.'

'Good-bye—and good-bye. Above all things, don't forget the love and obedience you owe your father, and remember—the moment you choose to claim your freedom, it is yours.'

'Ah, dear Madame De Vigne'—

She interrupted him with a slight gesture of her hand. 'Do not think me hard—do not think me unkind. I have to remember that I am this girl's sister and mother in one.'

'But'—

'Not another word.' She took his head in both her hands and drew it towards her, and kissed him on the forehead. 'Bon voyage! Dieu

vous protégé. The prayers of two women will go with you.'

There was a tear in Archie's eye as he turned away. Nanette was standing by the open door. A moment later, and the young people were gone.

Madame De Vigne stepped out into the veranda and waved her handkerchief as the carriage drove off.

'He will marry her whether Sir William gives his consent or not,' she mused. 'He is in youth's glad spring-tide, when the world is full of sunshine, and the dragons that beset the ways of life seem put there only to be fought and overcome. Well—let me but see my darling's happiness assured, and I think that I can bear without murmuring whatever Fate may have in store for myself.' She stepped back into the room, and as she did so, Nanette opened the door once more and announced—'Colonel Woodruffe.'

A slight tremor shook Madame De Vigne from head to foot. She drew a long breath, and advanced a step or two to meet the colonel as he entered the room.

'I told you that I should come,' said Colonel Woodruffe, with a rich glow on his face as he went forward and held out his hand.

'And you are here,' answered Madame De Vigne, who had suddenly turned very pale.

'Did you not expect me?'

'Yes,' she answered, as for a moment she looked him full in the eyes.

She sat down on an ottoman, and the colonel drew up a chair a little distance away. He was a tall, well-built, soldier-like man, some thirty-eight or forty years old.

'You know the purpose that has brought me?' he asked.

'I have not forgotten.'

'Two months ago I had the temerity to ask you a certain question. I, who had come to judge you, if needs were to condemn, had ended by losing my heart to the only woman I had ever met who had power to drag it out of my own safe keeping. You rejected my suit. I left you. Time went on, but I found it impossible to forget you. At length I determined again to put my fortune to the proof. It was a forlorn hope, but I am an old soldier, and I would not despair. Once more I told you all that I had told you before; once more I put the same question to you. This time you did not say No, but neither did you say Yes. To-day I have come for your answer.' He drew his chair a little closer and took one of her hands. 'Mora, do not say that your answer to-day will be the same as it was before—do not say that you can never learn to care for me.'

She had listened with bent head and downcast eyes. She now disengaged her hand, rose, crossed to the window, and then came back. She was evidently much perturbed. 'What shall I say? what shall I say?' she asked half aloud.

The colonel overheard her and started to his feet. 'Let me tell you what to say!' he exclaimed.

She held up her hand. 'One moment,' she said. Then she motioned to him to be seated, and herself sat down again.

'Has it never occurred to you,' she began, 'to ask yourself how much or how little you

really know about the woman whom you are so desirous of making your wife? Three months ago you had not even learnt my name, and now—even now, how much more do you know respecting me and my antecedents than you knew the first day you met me?'

'I know that I love you. I ask to know nothing more.'

'You would take me upon trust?'

'Try me.'

She shook her head a little sadly. 'It is not the way of the world.'

'This is a matter with which the world has nothing to do.'

'Colonel Woodruffe—I have a Past.'

'So have all of us who are no longer boys or girls.'

'It is only right that you should know the history of that Past.'

'Such knowledge could in nowise influence me. It is with the present and the future only that I have to do.'

'It is of the future that I am now thinking.'

'Pardon me if I scarcely follow you.'

'How shall I express to you what I wish to convey?' She rose, crossed to the table, and taking up a book, began to turn its leaves carelessly over, evidently scarcely knowing what she was about. 'If—if it so happened that I were to accede to your wishes,' she said—'if, in short, I were to become your wife—and at some future time, by some strange chance, some incident or fact connected with my past life, of which you knew nothing, and of which you had no previous suspicion, were to come to your knowledge, would you not have a right to complain that I had deceived you? that I had kept silence when I ought to have spoken? that—that?—'

'Mora—Mora, if this is all that stands between me and your love—between me and happiness, it is nothing—less than nothing! I vow to you'

'Stay!' she said, coming a step or two nearer to him. 'Do not think that I fail to appreciate your generosity or the chivalrous kindness which prompts you to speak as you do. But—I am thinking of myself as well as of you. If such a thing as I have spoken of were to happen, although your affection for me might be in nowise changed thereby, with what feelings should I afterwards regard myself? I should despise myself, and justly so, to the last day of my life.'

'No—no! Believe me, you are fighting a shadow that has no substance behind it. I tell you again, and I will tell you so a hundred times, if need be, that with your Past I have nothing whatever to do. My heart tells me in accents not to be mistaken that you are a pure and noble-minded woman. What need a man care to know more?'

'I should fail to be all that you believe me to be, were I not to oppose you in this matter even against your own wishes.'

'Do you not believe in me? Can you not trust me?'

'Oh, yes—yes! I believe in you, and trust you as only a woman can believe and trust. It is the unknown future and what may be hidden in it, that I dread.' She crossed to the chimney-

piece, took up the letter, gazed at it for a moment, and then went back with it in her hand. 'Since you were here five days ago, I have written this—written it for you to read. It is the life-history of a most unhappy woman. It is a story that till now has been a secret between the dead and myself. But to you it must now be told, because—because—oh! you know why. Take it—read it; and if after that you choose to come to me—then'—

Not a word more could she say. She put the letter into his hand, and turning abruptly away, crossed to the window, but she saw nothing for the blinding mist of tears that filled her eyes.

Colonel Woodruffe, with his gaze fixed on the letter, stood for a moment or two turning it over and over in his fingers. Then he crossed to the fireplace. In a stand on the chimney-piece were some vesta matches. He took one, lighted it, and with it set fire to the letter, which he held by one corner till it was consumed. Madame De Vigne had turned and was watching him with wide-staring eyes.

"Let the dead Past bury its dead," said the colonel gravely, as the ashes dropped from his fingers into the grate. 'Your secret shall remain a secret still.'

"Tis done! I can struggle no longer," said Madame De Vigne to herself.

The colonel crossed to her and took one of her hands. 'Nothing can come between us now,' he said. 'Now you are all my own.'

He drew her to him and touched her lips with his. All her face flushed rosy red, and into her eyes there sprang a light of love and tenderness such as he had never seen in them before. Never had he seen her look so beautiful as at that moment. He led her back to the ottoman and sat down beside her.

'Tell me, dearest,' he said, 'am I the same man who came into this room a quarter of an hour ago—doubting, fearing, almost despairing?'

'Yes, the same.'

'I began to be afraid that I had been changed into somebody else. Well, now that the skirmish is over, now that the fortress has capitulated, suppose we settle the terms of victory. How soon are we to be married?'

'Married! You take my breath away. You might be one of those freebooters of the middle ages who used to hang their prisoners the moment they caught them.'

'We are prepared to grant the prisoner a reasonable time to make her peace with the world.'

Madame De Vigne laid a hand gently on his sleeve. 'Dear friend, let us talk of this another time,' she said.

'Another time then let it be,' he answered as he lifted her hand to his lips. 'Meanwhile'—

'Yes, meanwhile?'

'I may as well proceed to give you a few lessons in the art of making love.'

'It may be that the pupil knows as much of such matters as her teacher.'

'That has to be proved. You shall have your first lesson to-morrow.'

'Merci, monsieur.'

'By Jove! talking about to-morrow reminds me of something I had nearly forgotten.' He started to his feet and pulled out his watch.

'Now that you have made me the happiest fellow in England; I must leave you for a little while.'

'Leave me?' she exclaimed as she rose to her feet.

'Only for a few hours. On my arrival here I found a telegram from my brother. He has been staying at Derwent Hall, near Grasmere. To-morrow he starts for Ireland. We have some family matters to arrange. If I don't see him to-night, we may not meet again for months. I'm sorry at having to go, but you won't mind my leaving you till to-morrow?'

'Can you ask? Do you know, I'm rather glad you are going.'

'Why glad?'

'Because it will give me time to think over all that has happened this evening. I—I feel as if I want to be alone. You are not a woman, and can't understand such things.'

Again his arm stole round her waist. The clock on the mantel-piece struck the hour. Mora disengaged herself. 'Twilight seems to have come all at once,' she said. 'You will have a dark drive. It is time for you to go.'

'More's the pity.'

'To-morrow will soon be here; which reminds me that we have arranged for a picnic to-morrow at High Ghyll Force.'

'You will be there?'

'Clarice and Miss Gaisford have induced me to promise.'

'If I should happen to drive round that way on my return, should I be looked upon as an intruder?'

'As if you didn't know differently from that!'

'Then possibly you may see me.'

'I shall expect you without fail.'

'In that case I will not fail.—My driver will be wondering what has become of me.'

'Good-night,' said Mora impulsively.

'Harold,' he said softly.

'Harold—dear Harold!' she answered.

'My name never sounded so sweet before,' exclaimed the colonel as, with a parting embrace, the gallant wooer quitted the apartment.

'Heaven, bless you, my dearest one!' she murmured as the door closed. Then she sank on to a seat and wept silently to herself for several minutes. After a time she proceeded to dry her eyes. 'What bundles of contradictions we women are! We cry when we are in trouble, and we cry when we are glad.'

Nanette came in, carrying a lighted lamp. She was about to close the windows and draw the curtains, but her mistress stopped her. After the hot day, the evening seemed too fresh and beautiful to be shut out. Nanette turned down the flame of the lamp till it seemed little more than a glowworm in the dusk, and then left the room.

'How lonely I feel, now that he has gone,' said Mora; 'but to-morrow will bring him again—to-morrow!'

She crossed to the piano and struck a few notes in a minor key. Then she rose and went to the window. 'Music has no charms for me to-night,' she said. 'I cannot read—I cannot work—I cannot do anything. What strange restlessness is this that possesses me?' There was a canary in a cage hanging near the window. It chirruped

to her as if wishful of being noticed. 'Ah, my pretty Dick,' she said, 'you are always happy so long as you have plenty of seed and water. I can whisper my secret to you, and you will never tell it again, will you? Dick—he loves me—he loves me—he loves me! And I love him, oh, so dearly, Dick!'

She went back to the piano and played a few bars; but being still beset by the same feeling of restlessness, she presently found her way again to the window. On the lawn outside, the dusk was deepening. The trees stood out massive and solemn against the evening sky, but the more distant features of the landscape were lost in obscurity. How lonely it seemed! There was not a sound anywhere. Doubtless, several windows of the hotel were lighted up, but from where Mora was standing they were not visible. Dinner was still in progress; as soon as it should be over, the lawn would become alive with figures, idling, flirting, smoking, seated under the trees, or promenading slowly to and fro. At present, however, the lady had the whole solemn, lovely scene to herself.

She stood gazing out of the window for some minutes without moving, looking in her white dress in the evening dusk like a statue chiselled out of snowy marble.

'My heart ought to beat with happiness,' she inwardly communed; 'but it is filled with a vague dread of something—I know not what—a fear that has no name. Yet what have I to fear? Nothing—nothing! My secret is still my own, and the grave tells no tales.'

Suddenly a breath of air swept up from the lake and shook the curtains. She looked round the dim room with a shudder. The tiny tongue of flame from the lamp only served, as it were, to make darkness visible. She made a step forward, and then drew back. The room seemed full of weird shadows. Was there not something in that corner? It was like a crouching figure, all in black, waiting to spring upon her! And that curtain—it seemed as if grasped by a hidden hand! What if some one were hiding there!

She sank into the nearest chair and pressed her fingers to her eyes. 'No—no—no!' she murmured. 'These are only my own foolish imaginings. O Harold, Harold! why did you leave me?'

Next moment the silence was broken by the faint, far-away sound of a horn, playing a slow, sweet air. Mora lifted her head and listened.

'Music on the lake. How sweet it sounds. It has broken the spell that held me. It seems like the voice of a friend calling through the darkness. I will walk down to the edge of the water. The cool air from the hills will do me good.'

There was a black lace scarf hanging over the arm of a couch; she took it up and draped it over her head and round her throat and shoulders. Her foot was on the threshold, she was in the act of stepping out into the veranda, when she heard a voice outside speaking to some other person. The instant she heard it she shrank back as though petrified with horror.

'That voice! Can the grave give up its dead?' she whispered as though she were asking the question of some one.

Next moment the figures of two men, one

walking a little way behind the other, became distinctly outlined against the evening sky as they advanced up the sloping pathway from the lake. The first of the two men was smoking, the second was carrying some articles of luggage.

The first man came to a halt nearly opposite the windows of Madame de Vigne's sitting-room. Turning to the second man, he said, with a pronounced French accent: 'Take my luggage into the hotel. I will stay here a little while and smoke.'

The second man passed forward out of sight. The first man, still standing on the same spot, took out another cigar, struck a match, and proceeded to light it. For a moment by the light of the match his features were plainly visible; next moment all was darkness again.

But Madame De Vigne, crouching behind the curtains of the dimly lighted room, had seen enough to cause her heart to die within her.

'The grave has given up its dead! It is he!' her blanched lips murmured.

Some minutes later, Clarice Loraine, on going into the sitting-room, found her sister on the floor in a dead faint.

AN EDUCATIONAL PIONEER.

It would be difficult to find a more unique or more interesting educational body than the so-called Brothers of the Christian Schools. Founded some two hundred years ago by the venerable John Baptist de la Salle, on lines which the best schools of to-day have not hesitated to adopt, the influence of this Institute has spread over all the civilised, and even to some regions of the uncivilised world. Its extension to Great Britain is but of recent date, and only seven schools have as yet been inaugurated. The thoroughness and practical value of the instruction given are mainly due to a strict adherence to the 'object' lesson principle.

Hitherto, we have been accustomed to associate this with the Kindergarten ideas of Pestalozzi and Froebel; but although their efforts to lighten the intellectual labours of the young were mainly instrumental in bringing 'playwork' to its present perfection, recent researches have shown that the venerable Dr de la Salle in his educational plan strongly urged that pupils should be taken to exhibitions and so forth, where their masters could give practical illustrations of special studies. Zoological or botanical gardens were in this way to be visited, that the uses and benefits of certain animals or plants might be demonstrated; and school museums, herbaria, geological, mineralogical, and other collections were afterwards to be formed by the pupils themselves. And not only did De la Salle institute object-teaching, but he was also the first to introduce class methods. Before his time, children were for the most part taught individually, or, where this was not so, large numbers were collected in one room, each in turn going to the teacher to have separate instruction, whilst the others were allowed to remain idle, free to torment one another or the little victim at the master's table. Great care was taken by De la Salle in examining and placing the children committed to his care in the classes best fitted for them; and the success

of his method was so great, that the numerous schools opened by the Brothers under his direction soon became overcrowded.

His great object was to reach the poor, and to train them to a knowledge of a holy life and an independent livelihood. The opposition he met with was at times very great. The ire of professional writing-masters was first aroused; the poor had necessarily been debarred from learning to write, because only the well-to-do could afford the stipulated fees, and writing-masters were therefore employed to do all the correspondence of those who could not write. So, when De la Salle undertook to teach every child who came to him what had been in some senses a secret art, their fury vented itself in an opposition so overpowering that they drove the Brothers from their schools in Paris and threw their furniture into the streets. The opposition was only temporary, however; and as time passed, fresh schools were opened, not only in France and her colonies, but in every European country, and many parts of America, as well as in one or two districts of Asia and Africa.

The Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, though nominally Roman Catholic, is truly catholic in its widest sense, for, besides admitting children of every religious denomination, secular learning is admirably provided for. Their greatest successes have perhaps been achieved in the art of writing and drawing, as applied to all technical industries and art products. One illustration of the results of their method of teaching writing in a remote region where the pupils are not the easiest to train, may be cited as an example. When the treaty of commerce between France and Madagascar in 1868 was about to be signed, Queen Ranavalona was much struck by the beautiful calligraphy of the copy presented to her by the Chancellor of the French Consulate, and she determined that hers should not be inferior. The pupils in all the chief schools in the island furnished examples of handwriting to the queen's prime-minister, but without satisfying her taste. At last, an officer who had seen the Brothers' schools suggested that one of their pupils should compete. A young boy, Marc Rabily-Kely, sent in some beautiful specimens of different styles of writing; and the copying of the treaty was at once intrusted to him. When the two copies were presented side by side, a murmur of applause went round at the sight of Queen Ranavalona's copy, and all cried out: 'Resy ny vasoha' (The whites are beaten). This is only one instance among many, and shows how much can be done by systematic training in the art of writing, a subject much neglected in the majority of schools.

But De la Salle did not stop short at educating the poor; he was the first to found training colleges for masters, and the first to institute regular boarding-schools in which everything relating to commerce, finance, military engineering, architecture, and mathematics was taught, and in which trades could be learned. Besides these, he founded an institution in which agriculture was taught as a science. At St Yon, where the first agricultural school was started, a large garden was devoted to the culture of specimens of fodder-plants, injurious plants, grain, plants peculiar to certain soils, fruits and flowers. The

students of to-day study all this, and in addition to working on model farms, visit all the best farms around, are sent with special professors to attend certain markets and sales of live-stock, and have special field-days for practically studying botany, geology, and entomology. The innovations introduced by De la Salle extended to other matters than practical education. Before French boys in his day were allowed to study their own language, they were obliged to learn to read Latin, and thus years were sometimes spent in acquiring a certain facility in reading a language they never understood. De la Salle changed all this, in spite of repeated opposition, and succeeded in making the vernacular tongue the basis of their teaching instead of Latin. Owing to this change, the poor scholars progressed much more rapidly than those in other schools, and the Brothers' Institutes were soon far ahead of all the elementary schools of their day. The way in which they have held their position even till to-day is shown by the results of the public examinations in Paris during the last thirty-five years. Out of sixteen hundred and thirty-five scholarships offered during this time, pupils of these schools have obtained thirteen hundred and sixteen. This in itself is an enormous proportion; but it is even greater than it appears, when we consider that seculars had more schools, fewer pupils per teacher, and thus a better chance to advance the individual scholar, and as a rule, a richer class of scholars to select from. These scholarship examinations have recently been discontinued, though not until after the Brothers' pupils were excluded from competition in consequence of the so-called 'laicisation' of schools in 1880, after which the Brothers of Paris gave up their government schools and opened voluntary ones.

The whole educational scheme of De la Salle was admirably complete; but perhaps the most interesting feature of the whole—now that we are familiarised with his systems for teaching special subjects by their spread in their original or a modified form to most European countries—was his very simple plan for enforcing discipline. He was always loath to believe unfavourable accounts of any pupil, and in the first place took pains to discover whether the failings were the result of the misdirection of those in authority or of the pupil's own wilfulness. When there was evidently a necessity for punishment, the culprit was put in a quiet and fairly comfortable cell. Once shut in alone, his notice was attracted to stands obviously intended for flowers, to empty cages and other things which reminded the little prisoner that there were good and beautiful enjoyments for those who deserved them. One of the first questions the boys generally asked was why there were nails for pictures, cages for birds, &c., and yet neither pictures nor birds. In answer, they were told that as they improved they would be supplied with all these good things; that if they left off using profane or bad language, a bird would be put in the cage; that as soon as they became industrious and worked well, their prison vases would be adorned with flowers; that when they acknowledged their previous wrong-doing, pleasant pictures would be hung on the panels; that when their repentance was seen to be sincere, they would rejoin their schoolfellows; and

that in time they would be allowed to go back to their families.

The system worked so well, and is still found to succeed so thoroughly, that it is almost a wonder it has not become more general. It has certainly many advantages over the plan of giving boys so many hundred lines to write, which is a mere task, soon forgotten, and benefiting no one. But as there are only seven schools, and those of very recent foundation, in England, we may perhaps still have to wait before hearing that this discipline is at all general. In the meantime, all interested in the training of the young might derive valuable hints from studying this and other methods initiated by the pioneer of popular education not only in France, but in all Europe.

THE MISSING CLUE.

A TALE OF THE FENS.

CHAPTER I.—THE ARRIVAL AT THE 'SAXONFORD ARMS.'

If any misanthropic subject of His Most Gracious Majesty King George II. had wished to withdraw himself from the bustle of public life and turn recluse in real good earnest, he could scarcely have chosen a district more likely to suit his retiring taste than the country in the vicinity of Saxonford. Scarcely aspiring to the dignity of a village, the place so named was merely a cluster of cottages formed upon the edge of a rough highway leading apparently to nowhere. In ancient times this spot had been of somewhat more importance, for it was here that a religious house of no inconsiderable size had flourished. But those days had long passed away; and in 1745 the only remnant of the monastery which survived the depredations committed by man and the all-effacing hand of Time was a gray skeleton tower, a silent witness to its departed conventual magnificence. Being erected, as was usually the case with fen settlements, upon a rise of comparatively high land, the remains commanded a view of an almost unbroken horizon. Standing at some distance from the hamlet which had arisen round the monastic ruin was a quaint dilapidated structure, known to the scattered natives of those parts as the *Saxonford Arms*. Whatever might have been the causes that induced the architect to build such an inn—for it was by no means a small one—in so lonely a part, must remain a matter of conjecture. A visitor was almost unknown at the old inn. There it stood, weather-beaten and time-worn as the gray old tower which overlooked it, and much more likely to tumble down, if the truth be told.

At the time we speak of, the scene appeared unusually calm and beautiful, for the day was drawing to an end, and it was close upon sunset, a period which is seldom seen to so much advantage as in the low-lying districts of the fens. The weather had been unusually hot, and the sinking sun shed a warm glow over a tract of well-browned country, making its rich hues seem richer still. In the glassy water of the river, the vivid sky was reflected as in a mirror, while

the tall tops of the sedge-rushes that bordered it were scarcely stirred by a breath of air. A rotten timber bridge, which might have been erected in the time of Hereward, spanned the stream at a short distance from the old inn; crossing this, the road dipped down and led the way between patches of black peat, cultivated land, and unreclaimed watery morass, straight towards the south.

A small party of strong sunburnt fen labourers were seated on the rough benches in front of mine host's ancient house of entertainment, some of them swarthy, black-bearded men, others with light tawny hair and blue eyes. True types of the hardy race were they; their strong, uncovered brown arms, which had all day long been working under a baking sun, upon a shadeless flat, telling a tale of sinewy power that came not a jot under the renowned strength of their mighty ancestors. Mine host himself, a ruddy-faced man of middle age, was there too, smoking a long well-coloured pipe, and gazing in a thoughtful way across the long stretch of fen, over which the shades of night were steadily creeping.

'What be ye gaping at, master?' quoth one of the brawny labourers, as the landlord shaded his eyes with his hand and endeavoured to make out some indistinct object.

'What're ye looking after, Hobb?' asked another one in a bantering tone. 'Can't ye believe your own eyes, man?'

'Nay, Swenson, I can't,' returned mine host, lowering his hand and turning to the person who addressed him. 'I want a good pair sadly.'

'You're like to get 'em staring over the fen in that way, my boy!' remarked Swenson with a hoarse laugh.

'Lend me your eyes here, Harold,' went on the innkeeper. 'Take a squint across that bank and tell me what you see.'

'What be the good o' askin' me?' returned the man. 'I can't tell a barn-door from a peat-stack at fifty yards' distance.'

'I'll tell ye, Dipping,' cried a young sunburnt giant, starting up from the bench on which he had been sitting. 'Where is't?'

'You see yon tall willow?'

'Him as sticks up there by the dike?'

'Ay. Look out there to the left o' it, across the fen, and tell me what ye see.'

The fellow's blue eyes were directed with an earnest gaze towards the distant spot which the landlord pointed out; and then he turned sharply round and exclaimed: 'It be two horsemen.'

'Are ye sure?' asked mine host, as he bent his brows and vainly tried to make out the far-off speck.

'Quite sure,' was the reply. 'They're coming up the road by the old North Lode.—There; now they're passing One Man's Mill.'

'I see 'em!' exclaimed Swenson, pointing towards a solitary windmill, the jagged sails of which formed a slight break in the long line of misty flatness.

'Perchance they be travellers, and will want beds for the night,' said mine host, roused to action by the mere possibility of such an event occurring. 'I will see that the place is got ready for them.'

'Hobb Dipping is soon counting his chickens,' remarked one of the uncouth fenmen, laughing,

as the landlord of the *Saxonford Arms* disappeared.

'Ay, it's like him all over,' rejoined Swenson, while he gathered up some implements and prepared to go.—'Are ye coming with me, Harold?'

'No, my boy; I'm agoing to stop and see who yon horsemen may be. News are scarce in these parts. If you're off now, why, good-night to ye.'

Swenson nods, bids the man good-night, and then strides off in the direction of the old gray tower. The major part of the loiterers go with him; but three or four still linger, looking along the misty road, and waiting as if in expectation of something.

A light up in one of the windows of the inn tells that Hobb Dipping is preparing his best room for the reception of the approaching travellers, in case it should be needed; and a savoury smell of hot meat which issues forth through the open doorway of the hostel makes the few hungry watchers that remain feel inclined to seek their own supper-tables. At length mine host has finished his task, and the most presentable apartment that the house contains is ready for instant occupation if necessary. Honest Hobb Dipping gazes wistfully out of a rickety diamond-paned window, and thinks that his labour must have been in vain. The moon is rising from the shadow of a thick bank of vapour, its dim red outline as yet but faintly seen through the misty cloud. It is getting late; the travellers must have passed by the bridge, and ridden along the flood-bank. 'If they know not the way well,' mutters Dipping to himself, 'they'll lose themselves in the fen for certain. An awkward path that be, specially binight, with a damp fog rising.'

At this moment, a clatter of horses' hoofs breaks the silence, and two horsemen canter over the shaky timber bridge and draw up in front of the old inn. Mine host bustles about shouting a number of confused directions; the one youthful domestic which the place boasts of running helplessly to and fro and doing nothing. The foremost rider, suddenly leaping from his horse, strides into the inn, and flings himself into a chair, ordering a private room and supper to be made ready at once.

Honest Dipping hurries about, unused to strangers of distinction, bringing in liquor and glasses, meat, platters and knives, besides a quantity of other things that are not wanted, the stranger meanwhile having taken possession of the room up-stairs which had been hurriedly prepared for him.

Presently follows the gentleman's servant, a short muscular fellow, with a sullen, lowering countenance; and a short conversation takes place between the man and his master.

'Are the horses put up, Derrick?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And the pistols?'

'Here they are, Sir Carnaby.'

'Loaded, of course?'

'Ay, sir, both of them.'

'Right! Now, what think you of this part? Is it not quiet enough for us? I never was in such a dead-alive wilderness before; and taking that into consideration, I fancy it is pos-

sible to last out a few days even in this ghastly shanty. After that, I shall ride to Lynn and take ship, for, as I live, the country is getting too hot to hold me.'

Derrick gave vent to a sound resembling a grunt, and muttered a few words containing seemingly some disparaging reference to the 'king over the water.'

'Hush, you fool!' exclaimed his master in a low whisper; 'you should know better than to speak of what does not concern you. Be wise, and hold your tongue.'

'Your pardon, Sir Carnaby,' replied Derrick; 'it shall not be spoken of again.'

'And mind, Derrick, in case we should be inquired after, let the rustic boors know that I am Mr Morton, a landowner from somewhere or other. You, Derrick, are John Jones; so mind and answer to your name. D'ye hear?'

The attendant's face relaxed into a sly grin as he answered: 'I hear, sir.'

The truth is, Mr Morton—or to call him by his proper name, Sir Carnaby Vincent—was a young baronet of good family, and reputed to be enormously rich. In consequence of his being mixed up in some disturbances occasioned by the Jacobite party, he had found it necessary, at a previous period, to avoid the cognisance of the authorities. But a certain nobleman having interested himself in the youthful plotter's behalf, the affair was hushed up, and Sir Carnaby returned to society once more. Having a relish for all kinds of intrigue, besides being of too excitable a temperament to exist long in a state of quiet, the madcap young fellow again entered heart and soul into the intrigues of Prince Charles' followers, and this time succeeded only too well in attracting notice. A warrant was issued for his apprehension; and Sir Carnaby once more had to seek safety in flight, taking with him a quantity of valuable papers, and the blessings of all his companions engaged in the perilous cause. He was accompanied by only one person, his servant Derrick, a rough but doggedly faithful retainer, who had followed the fortunes of his house for nearly thirty years. Derrick himself cared not a jot for the Jacobite party to which Sir Carnaby was so attached; his first thought was to follow his master, and share the dangers which he might have to encounter. Their retreat from the metropolis was safely effected, much to the satisfaction of the baronet, who was really seriously alarmed at this second unlucky discovery. From London they journeyed through Cambridgeshire, Sir Carnaby's plan being to lie quiet for a few days in the heart of the fens, then afterwards proceeding to some obscure seaport on the borders of the Wash, to take sail for a foreign land, where he could best forward the fortunes both of himself and his hapless Prince.

CHAPTER II.—THE JACOBITE.

'Where did you place the saddle-bags, Derrick?' asked Sir Carnaby, when Hobb Dipping had quitted the old wainscoted apartment in which his distinguished visitor was about to partake of supper.

Speech was a gift which nature had bestowed very sparingly upon the attendant; moreover,

he was possessed of a rough, unmelodious voice. Pointing towards a chair in one corner, he slowly ejaculated: 'There, sir—underneath.'

'Good!' said Sir Carnaby, seating himself at the table.—'By the way, Derrick, I think it would be just as well to look after the innkeeper: his glances are a trifle too curious to please me. When I have finished my supper, you had better descend into the public room and try to ascertain his opinion of us.'

'Right, sir,' replied the attendant.

'Come from behind my chair, you varlet,' said the baronet, motioning him at the same time with his hand. 'Draw up to the table and break your fast with me; we shall gain time by so doing.'

Derrick sat down respectfully at the farther end of the board, and gazed in a thoughtful way at a dark patch of sky which could be seen through the diamond-shaped panes of glass in a window opposite him.

'You seem in no hurry to refresh the inner man,' remarked Sir Carnaby. 'What are you thinking of, Derrick?'

'A dream, sir.'

'A what?'

'A dream, sir,' repeated Derrick—'one I had last night.'

'Well, as your mind appears to be somewhat uneasy,' remarked Sir Carnaby, with a slight smile playing over his features, 'I should recommend open confession as being the proper thing to relieve it.'

'There's little enough to tell, sir,' said Derrick; 'twas only a bit of dark sky up there that brought it back to me.'

'Well,' said Sir Carnaby simply.

'It seemed to me,' continued the attendant, 'as if I was riding alone, holding your horse by the bridle. The moon was up, and the sky looked the same as it does out there. I can remember now quite plain that I felt kind of troubled, but what about, I know just as little as you, sir.'

'Is that the whole story?' asked Sir Carnaby with a laugh. 'Well, I can tell you, good Derrick, so far as riding alone goes, your prophecy is likely to prove a true one, though I certainly don't intend you to carry off my horse with you.—See here; this is something more important than a heavy-headed dream. You must start to-morrow for the Grange. Be in the saddle early, and don't spare your spurs.'

'Am I to go alone, sir?'

'Certainly. The journey has no object beyond the delivery of this letter; and as inquiry is sure to be pretty rife concerning me, I shall stay where I am and await your return.'

Derrick received the sealed envelope which was handed to him with a gruff but respectful 'Right, sir,' and then relapsed into his customary silence.

'I shall leave it to your discretion to find out the way,' said Sir Carnaby. 'Of course you will go armed?'

The attendant opened his coat without speaking and touched the hilt of a stout hanger which he wore at his side.

Sir Carnaby smiled. 'Yes,' he said; 'you are ready enough to play at blood-letting; but that sort of thing is best avoided. Let your movements be as quiet and speedy as possible; and

when you reach your destination, seek out Captain Hollis by means of that address. Give the note into his hands, then make haste back. I shall have other work for you when you return.'

'More plots,' thought Derrick, but he merely uttered a grunt and pocketed the letter.

'This room,' continued the baronet, 'seems to be parlour and bedchamber in one. So far well. If there should be any occasion to consult me again before you start, one rap at this door will be quite sufficient to wake me. I am a light sleeper.'

'Anything more, sir?'

'Nothing more to-night; you have all my orders for the present.—Good-night, Derrick.'

'Good-night, sir.'

When the last faint clank of Derrick's boots has ceased to ring upon the staircase, Sir Carnaby Vincent rises and locks the door, glancing outside first, to see that no one lurks without. This being done, he carefully bars the shutters over the window, looks inside two cupboards which the room contains, and then having ascertained that he is not likely to be overlooked, draws forth the afore-mentioned saddle-bags. A strange look of anxiety passes over the fugitive's face as he plunges his hand into one of them, and brings out a small, shallow, oaken box, black with age. Its contents are apparently of no little value, for the lid is secured by two locks, and a corresponding number of blotchy red seals, upon which may be deciphered the impression of a crest. Sir Carnaby turns the box over and examines its fastenings, then rises and walks slowly round the room, as if in search of something. His manner at this moment is most strange, and the light step with which he treads over the old flooring does not awaken enough creaking to disturb a mouse. Four times round the room he goes, with a curious expression on his face which would puzzle even a skilful physiognomist to interpret, then stooping down, he places the box on the floor and appears to listen.

THE MUSK-RAT OF INDIA.

FROM AN ANGLO-INDIAN.

THE musk-rat is from six to eight inches long, of a slatish-blue colour, with a long movable snout, and diminutive eyes. Its skin is very loose, and quite conceals the extremities, only allowing the feet to be seen. This formation occasions the peculiar pattering of its run. The tail, broad at its base, is pinkish and bare of everything except a few hairs; ears are diminutive. Loathed and detested by all, this creature leads a charmed life; only a few dogs will kill it, and then there is always sneezing and a little foaming afterwards. Cats follow but won't touch it; it is, moreover, equally avoided by more aristocratic rats and mice. As the animal runs along the wall of the room, it emits a kind of self-satisfied purr, which, if alarmed, breaks into a squeak, and immediately the scent-bottle is opened. If there is light to see the tiny creature, you will observe it scanning with its nose all parts of the horizon in search of what caused the alarm; the eyes apparently being unequal to the task.

Musk-rats have a singular habit of always running along the walls of a room, never crossing from one wall to the other; hence, as they are not swift movers, they are easily overtaken, and a blow from a cane instantly kills the animal. Traps are of little use in capturing these creatures; and if one is captured, that trap is for ever useless as regards ordinary rats and mice, which won't approach it after being contaminated. 'Muskie's' are omnivorous and very voracious. During the rains, the insect world is on the wing. If at this season you place a night-light on the ground near the beat of a musk-rat, you will be amused at watching its antics in trying to catch some of the buzzers round the light, or those crawling up the wall, and will be surprised at its agility. The captives are ruthlessly crunched, and the animal never seems satiated; at the same time its enjoyment is evinced by its purring. Woe betide him should another musky invade this happy hunting-ground! War is at once proclaimed, and immediately the two are fighting for their lives, squeaking, snapping, biting, rolling over and over, and all the time letting off their awful scent-bottles. You, in the comparative distance, just escape the disgusting odour; but the insect invasion catch it full, and quickly leave the scene. And so the fight goes on, until you happily catch both the combatants with one blow of your cane, and the stinking turmoil ceases; and having thrown open the doors to ventilate the room, you are glad to retire to rest.

I was awakened one night at Arrah by the squeaking and stench of two musk-rats, which were in mortal combat near my bed. Quietly rising and seizing my slipper, I smote the combatants a wrathful blow, to which one succumbed, and the other escaped through the venetian. I then lay down again, but only to hear the hateful p-r-r-r of 'musky,' who had come to look after his dead brother. Seizing him, he carried him off to the venetian, and there dropped him with a squeak, as I rose to my elbow. Bringing the dead rat back and laying my slipper handy, I again lay down. Very soon I heard the disgusting purr and saw the dead musky being carried off; and now the slipper was true, and both muskies lay prone.

Apropos to this, if you throw out a dead rat or mouse, he is at once swooped upon by a kite or crow; but both these scavengers will avoid a dead musk-rat; the kite will swoop and pass on as if he had not noticed the odour, whilst our old friend the crow will alight at a safe distance, and with one eye survey the dead shrew. Perhaps in that glance a whiff from the scent-bottle reaches him, for he hops off a yard or two, caws, and then rubs his beak once or twice on the ground. Then he takes an observation with the other eye, caws, and flies up into the overhanging nina tree. No one will touch the dead musk-rat; even those faithful undertakers, the burying-beetles, avoid him.

Now, what is the scent of the musk-rat like? When I was last at home in 1875, I went into a greenhouse on a hot summer day, and found it given up to the musk-plant. 'Muskie's! muskie's!' I exclaimed, as I fled from the stifling, dank, and fetid atmosphere. Get up that combination—a hot day, a dank, humid, and suffo-

cating greenhouse given up to the musk-plant, and you will have the full effect of only one full-blown musky. The odour of the plant, heavy when close, is delicate when diffused; the scent of the musk-rat, on the other hand, is heavy when diffused, and insupportable when near. The marvellous diffusibility of this odour is illustrated in many ways. It has long been maintained that the musk-rat has only to pass over a closely corked bottle of wine to destroy its contents. I have tasted sherry so destroyed, and at the same time have placed corked bottles of water in the runs of musk-rats without any defilement. The odour won't permeate glass, so the bottle of sherry must have been contaminated by a defiled cork. Place a porous water-goblet (*sooráhi*) in the run of a musk-rat, and defilement is secure; and if that goblet endures for a hundred years, it will during that century affect all water which may be put into it. These animals seem to enjoy communicating their disgusting odour to surrounding objects. It doesn't follow that mere contact conveys it, for I have often handled these animals without contamination; but there is undoubtedly—setting aside the scent-bottle as a means of defence—an instinctive marking of objects for purposes of recognition, sheer mischief, or for the easing of the secretion organ.

Another anomaly pertains to this animal: though so disgusting to others, it is not so to itself; and it is one of the tidiest and most cleanly of animals. Its nesting arrangements, too, are very peculiar; nothing is more greedily utilised than paper, which it tears up. Some years ago, I lived in a boarded house, and used to be nightly worried by a pattering and purring musky dragging a newspaper towards a certain corner. Arrived there, it disappeared down a hole and pulled the paper after it—that is, as much as would enter the hole. If I gently removed the paper, the inquisitive nose would appear ranging round the hole, and shortly after, the animal itself in quest of the paper. I had the boarding taken up, and there, in a paper nest, lay five pink and naked muskies, all heads, with hardly any bodies, and quite blind.

I cannot find one redeeming trait in the character and conduct of *Sorex carulecens*, and I must admit that he is an ill-favoured beast, and of questionable utility.

A DAY IN EARLY SUMMER.

A LITTLE wood, wherein with silver sound

A brooklet whispers all the sunny day,
And on its banks all flow'rets which abound

In the bright circle of the charmed May:

Primroses, whose faint fragrance you may know

From other blooms; and oxlips, whose sweet breath

Is kissed by windflowers—star-like gems which blow

Beside pale sorrel, in whose veins is death;

Larch-trees are there, with plumes of palest green;

And cherry, dropping leaves of scented white;

While happy birds, amid the verdant screen,

Warble their songs of innocent delight.

Surely they err who say life is not blest;

Hither may come the weary and have rest.

J. C. H.

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